

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Jul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excessse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood,
as any in *Italie*: and as soon moued to be moodie, and as
soone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be-
cause thou hast hase eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
would spee out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-
rel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes
with old Ribband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you
will giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without
giuing?

Tyb. Mercutio thou confort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-
cords: heere's my fiddlestick, heere's that shall make you
daunce. Come consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greiuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your Livery.

Marry go before to field, heele be your follower.

Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,

But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,

And so good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stucato carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tyb. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw Benuolio, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streetes.

Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio,

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I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alic,

My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt

In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt that an houre

Hath bene my Cozin: O Sweet Juliet,

Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,

And in my temper softned Valours Steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio's is dead,

That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,

Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,

This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt batke againe:

Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio slaine?

Ben. Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,

And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.

Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe

That late thou gau'st me, for Mercutio's soule

Is but a little way aboue our heads,

Staying for thine to keepe him companie:

Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that didst confort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:

The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt slaine,

Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tybalt that Murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citi. Vp fir go with me:

Icharge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their

Wines and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:

There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio.

Cap. W. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,

O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild

Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O Cozin, Cozin,

Prin. Benuolio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this vittered,

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd

Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene

Of Tybalt's deafe to peace, but that he Tilts

With Peircing Steele at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,

And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beares

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries

Hold Friends, Friends part

His aged arme, beats down

And twixt them rushes,

An enuious thrust from

Of stout Mercutio, and th

But by and by comes ba

Who had but newly ent

And too't they goe like

Could draw to part the

And as he fell, did Rome

This is the truth, or let

Cap. W. He is a kind

Affection makes him fal

Some twenty of them fo

And all those twenty co

I beg for Iustice, which

Romeo slew Tybalt, Rome

Prin. Romeo slew hi

Who now the price of th

Cap. Not Romeo Prin

His fault concludes, but

The life of Tybalt:

Prin. And for that o

Immediatly we doe ex

I haue an interest in yo

My blood for your rade

But lie Amerece you wi

That you shall all repen

It will be deafe to plea

Nor teares, nor prayers:

Therefore vse none, let

Else when he is found,

Beare hence this body,

Mercy not Murders, pa

Exit

Jul. Gallop apace, y

Towards Phabus lodgin

As Phaeton would whip

And bring in Cloudie n

Spred thy close Curtain

That run-awayes eyes

Leape to these armes, v

Louers can see to doe t

And by their owne Bea

It best agrees with nigh

Thou sober suted Mat

And learne me how to

Plaid for a paire of stain

Hood my vman'd bloo

With thy Blacke mantl

Thinke true Loue afe

Come night, come Rom

For thou wilt lie vpon

Whiter then new Snow

Come gentle night, cor

Giue me my Romeo, an

Take him and cut him

And he will make the P

That all the world will

And pay no worship to

O I haue bought the M

But not posselt it, and

Not yet enioy'd, so ted

As is the night before